

## GALVESTON FLOODED

Ten People Dead and Property Loss Will Reach \$100,000.

### ENTIRE GULF COAST IS SWEEPED

Seawall Built After Former Devastation Saves City From Complete Destruction.

Galveston, Tex., July 22.—A hurricane equaling in violence the one that devastated this city nine years ago, swept in from the Gulf of Mexico yesterday, did \$100,000 worth of damage in the city proper, cut off all rail and telegraphic communication with the mainland and then swept on inland, leaving a wake of destruction and suffering behind.

Owing solely to the warnings sent out by the weather bureau that had first detected the storm in the Caribbean sea, the shipping at the port here escaped damage, all vessels being made snug before the fury of the gale struck. The 17-foot seawall, built two years after the former devastation of the city, kept the huge waves from eating away the land as they had done before, but this wall was not sufficient to keep the water from the lower streets, from whence it poured into the warehouse cellars, damaging thousands of dollars' worth of goods.

Ten people were drowned in the water that swept over a portion of the pier, seven miles from the city. They were washed from the rock promontories into the gulf and the bodies have not yet been recovered.

During the height of the gale a heavy dredge which was at work in the channel behind the island, broke from its moorings and was swept into the steel railroad bridge that connects Galveston with the mainland. The impact of the blow at once severed telephone and telegraph wires, and for a time fears were felt on the mainland that a repetition of the disaster of nine years ago had occurred.

Sweeping westward, the tropical storm, which had been central over the gulf for 24 hours or more struck Galveston shortly after 11 o'clock. The wind attained a velocity of 68 miles an hour, and heaved the waters of Galveston bay up against the island and flooded the section that had not been raised. The water backed up into the main streets. The principal damage, however, was confined to the beach front, where bath houses and pleasure piers were swept away, but shipping was not disturbed.

A hurricane for East Texas was forecast early in the day, and when the storm broke, Galveston was prepared. The inhabitants of the few scattered houses sought safety, as did the vessels riding at anchor in the bay. The fury of the storm soon abated and the anxiety of those who entertained fears of another tidal wave were thus early relieved. So short was the duration of the storm, that a Mallory line steamer, booked to start for New York shortly after noon, left on time.

### VOLCANO BURSTS FORTH.

Sumatran Villages Are Devastated by Eruption and Floods.

Victoria, B. C., July 22.—News was brought by the Norwegian steamer Tricolor, which passed in today from Surabaya, Java, of a disastrous earthquake on the west coast of Sumatra, the second largest island in the Malay archipelago, in mid-June.

According to the report received by the Tricolor 200 lives were lost. The earthquake followed an eruption of Mount Korintji, a volcanic peak 12,400 feet high, and inland 50 miles from Indrapura. Mount Korintji has long been supposed to be extinct, its crater having been filled with a large lake.

Following the eruption of the volcano and the earthquake there were torrential rains, flooding the rivers and causing additional losses.

### Cloudburst Wrecks Ouray.

Ouray, Colo., July 22.—Fifty families are homeless, seven businesses and residence squares are inundated and property has been damaged to the extent of \$30,000, as the result of a cloudburst that came upon this city this afternoon. Cascade and Portland creeks overflowed their banks and became raging torrents through a portion of the town. Several persons were rescued from the windows of floating houses by men on horseback. It is believed two weeks will be required to clear away the debris.

### Storm Sweeps Over Wisconsin.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 22.—Reports from Northern Wisconsin, particularly in the neighborhood of Ashland, tell of serious losses as a result of a cloudburst. The estimates of the loss range from \$450,000 to \$700,000. Innumerable bridges and dams are reported as carried away, and the situation on the Ojibwa Indian reservation is serious. In the summer resort country enormous damage has been done to the small houses.

### Duluth Damaged \$1,000,000.

Duluth, Minn., July 22.—Duluth was flooded again tonight, the second time within 24 hours. The damage may reach \$1,000,000. Nearly three inches of rain fell in an hour and a half. The water poured into the Bijou theater, where a performance was in progress, and a panic was narrowly averted.

### LEAVES DEATH AND RUINS.

Meager Reports From Gulf Storm Show Great Destruction.

Houston, Tex., July 23.—The West India hurricane that swept from one end of the Texas coast to the other Wednesday brought death to 12 outside of Galveston, fatally injured four and seriously wounded 16. Whole towns were devastated and the damage will reach to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

At Bay City half the business section was damaged, including the opera-house, one bank, the court house, high school and the city jail.

Every building in Velasco was unroofed or partly demolished and that town tonight was under four feet of water. People escaped in boats on the Colorado river, one mile away.

Reports from the special train on which General Manager W. G. Van Vleet, of the Southern Pacific, left Houston today, indicate that the Lower Coast country suffered greatly.

But few houses at Eagle Lake escaped. The same situation is reported from Lissie, Nowatta and East Bernard.

At Elcampo the electric light plant is wrecked, all elevators are badly damaged and almost every church in town is wrecked. In the oilfield around Markham derricks were blown down and wells were stripped of machinery.

At Galveston Bay the situation is not as bad as it was first reported. No part of the railroad bridge which spans the arm of the bay between the island and Virginia point was washed away, but 50 feet of the structure was thrown out of alignment by a huge barge.

Communication was established this afternoon with Angleton, a town of 2,000 people on the Gulf coast south of Galveston. Angleton reported that nearly every house in the town had been badly damaged as a result of yesterday's hurricane.

Damage from the storm in the Texas rice belt will reach \$100,000. The towns of Rosenberg, Ransom and East Bernard suffered.

A dispatch from Sabine Pass says the gale caused record-breaking tides there, but no serious damage was done. The streets were flooded, but the waters receded rapidly.

### LOSS IS HEAVY IN LOUISIANA

Grave Fears for Safety of People in Small Towns Entertained.

New Orleans, July 23.—That there was greater loss of life in Southwestern Louisiana than that reported up to 1 o'clock today is confidently believed. Several hundred people have taken refuge in the United States biological station at Cameron, La. The waters of the gulf last night covered a large portion of the parish, rising to a point within six inches of the high water mark made during the storm which destroyed Galveston nine years ago. Much stock has been destroyed.

The gravest fears are still being entertained in connection with the fate of many persons at coast towns. Between Calcasieu Pass, La., and Sabine Pass, Tex., there are several hundred people who have failed to get into communication with the outside world since the hurricane. Heavy damage and possible loss of life is feared at Johnson's Bayou, La.

Reports of damage at settlements and towns as far south as Brownsville, Tex., are coming in. It is reported that many houses were wrecked in Brazoria and Allenhurst. At Richmond, an interior town, 50 houses are reported to have been partially wrecked.

On account of anxiety felt over the fate of 1,000 or more persons in attendance on the State Baptist Young People's encampment at Palacios, on the coast of Texas, an effort is being made to reach that point. All telegraph wires are down as the result of a storm which swept the entire coast.

Further loss of life is reported from Cameron Parish, La. Basile Dagg, a fisherman, and his young son were caught by the high tide which resulted from the hurricane and were drowned. Another son, 12 years old, managed to escape.

The St. Louis-Brownsville Mexican railway has been advised that the damage at Bay City, Tex., is \$150,000, with two dead and six seriously injured, many others being slightly hurt.

### Buffaloes Reach Canada.

Victoria, B. C., July 23.—Canada is now in actual possession of the famous San Pablo buffalo herd, the last contingent, numbering some 500 head, having been rounded up on the Montana hills and driven into the Canadian National park. The drive across the international boundary line was most trying, 14 of the animals dying on the way. Within the confines of the National park are now located the last remnant of the buffalo which once roamed in thousands over the prairie lands of this continent.

### To Fortify Prince Rupert.

Victoria, B. C., July 23.—The steamer Princess Royal, which reached port this morning, brought among her passengers General W. D. Otter, inspector general of Canadian fortresses; General Rutherford, Captain H. T. Hughes, royal engineers; Lieutenant Heycock, of H. M. S. Shearwater, and Captain Hay, of the Canadian army, a party sent to locate a chain of fortifications to be established as defenses at Prince Rupert.

### Passengers Stay By Ship.

Southampton, July 23.—The North German Lloyd steamer Derfflinger, which grounded on Shingle bank yesterday, is still aground. Her passengers, numbering 100, remain on board, though she is gradually settling and her position is dangerous.

# The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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### CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

She walked away and leaned on the bulwark on the other side. "The water's getting quite deep."

I followed. "There's quite a rise of tide. It's nearly full, and then it will turn—in about an hour, I should say."

She looked at the little chateleine watch she wore, and gave a cry of dismay.

"But that will be 7 o'clock, and then dine at the club at that time, and my aunt will be worried half out of her poor old head."

"They dine too early; they miss the best part of the day."

She turned a trifle imperiously towards me. "Still, that is the hour, and I must be getting back. What answers to the problem have your frequent studies brought?"

"The first is to wait until the causeway is dry," I answered, avoiding her eyes and looking out to sea.

"But that is out of the question," she said, with the faint hint of a tapping foot upon the deck. The touch of authority made me stubborn.

"There's a fine view of the sunset from here, though not so fine as from the cliff beyond my house. You should see that some evening when you're not afraid of mixing dinner."

She looked me over while I kept my face away, and I could feel the struggle whether resentment or amusement should have the upper hand. The latter finally won. "Please help me to get home, Mr. Sargent."

"Felix Selden," I supplied her, "though I'd much rather you stayed here, Miss—"

"—and I in my turn hung questioning."

"Barbara Graham," she answered quite frankly. Then suddenly she laughed, and I was forced to join her. "Come, Mr. Pirate, now that we are properly known to each other, and I have thanked you for your compliment, will you think of a way to save my poor aunt from nervous prostration? If you will, I promise some day to go without dinner and come to see the sunset from your cliff."

"It's a bargain," I said, and strode resolutely across the deck to the side where the causeway ran.

"But how? What are you doing to do?" came in surprised accents from Miss Graham.

I stopped and turned. "You will not wait for the tide, and you must not wet the slippers, so there's only one way left."

"And what is that?" she asked.

"For me to carry you ashore."

I happened to be looking at her, and her face went pink of a second, pink over the brown of the sun.

"But," she stammered, "I don't think that would do."

"It's the only alternative," I said, positively.

"Are you sure," she said, "that you are strong enough?"

I looked at her slender figure and laughed. "I have not lived out of doors for nothing," I answered. "I could carry you from here to the Shifting Shoal yonder without tiring."

Again came the infectious laugh, apparently at the thrill of the adventure, and I found it impossible to keep from joining her.

"But it's time I made the boast good," I answered, and, leaning towards her, picked her up in my arms, careful to keep the little slippers and her skirts clear of the waves.

"You must put your arms about my neck to keep the balance," I said, "or I'll not guarantee the consequences."

"Must I?" she said quite demurely, and did as I commanded.

Feeling my way cautiously, I started to cross the causeway. A false step and I should have slipped into the deeper water, so I went slowly, feeling for safe footing as I took each step. Once I glanced momentarily at the face which was so close to mine, but Miss Graham's eyes were fixed on the shore ahead, and would not look at me.

We reached the sand at the foot of the cliff and I put the girl down. She looked at her slippers.

"Splendidly done," she said. "Not a drop of water touched me. You're quite as strong as you said."

"Remember the cause," I answered. "But you're frightfully wet," she objected, looking at my heavy riding breeches and leggings, which were soaked through. "You must run back to the cottage as fast as you can, to save yourself a cold."

"I must see you to the club first," I answered. "I know a short cut back of the cliff and through the woods."

"Hurry, then," she said. "I'll not have you catching cold on my account."

I walked back through the woods and up the beach. The western sky was fairly ablaze with color. It seemed that a beacon flamed through the pines upon my cliff.

"Have you ever known such a beautiful afternoon, Charles?" I asked my man at supper.

"Never, Mr. Felix, never."

I was sitting so that I could look out of the window at the sea.

"It was unusually glorious, even for Alastair, wasn't it?" I pursued.

"Yes, sir, it certainly was, sir, even for Alastair, sir."

After supper I had my coffee on the balcony and sat there and smoked and wondered how long it had been since a petticoat had boarded the ship.

### CHAPTER III.

The weather next morning was just right for a ride, and sending for my horse, I made a great circuit of the woods, coming back by the marshes about noon. As I galloped past the upper end of the lowlands I heard a voice calling to me, and, drawing rein, waited until the voice's owner appeared. This proved to be an extremely unburned young man dressed in very loud tweeds. He carried a fishing-rod over his arm, and a fish-basket dangled from his shoulder.

"I say, do you know the country hereabouts?" he inquired. "I've lost my way, and I'm infernally hot and tired."

He looked at me; his lips were almost mutinous as those of a spoiled child, and even the tilt of his soft felt had had a dejected air.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked in return. "The Penguin club lies about three miles off to the east."

"Yes, that's it," he said. "I'm a Penguinite, worse luck." He dropped the fishing-rod and tried to kick some of the mud from his boots. "I came out to get some fishing at 5 this morning, and not a bite have I had, not a morsel of food tasted since. My legs ache at the thought of that three miles yet to go. Isn't there a farm-house somewhere near where I could get something to eat?"

The appeal in his eyes was so plaintive that I could not help smiling. Thereat he smiled back.

"It's a beastly pickle, isn't it?" he said. "The next time I'll arrange to have a man follow me with lunch."

It was only a quarter of a mile to my cottage. "Come along with me," I said. "I'll fix you up."

He grinned gratefully, and trudged along beside me until we came to the cottage. I called for Charles and sent him off with the horse. By the time he returned, my guest was feeling considerably better, having postponed famine by the aid of whisky and soda. He sat down to dinner with the air of a king come into his own. For a time he ate silently but strenuously, then he looked up at me.

"They don't give us such food at the club, no, sirree, and as for the wines, they can't compare with your claret. Funny to think of finding such things down here in the country, away at the end of an empty beach. I didn't know there was a civilized man within fifty miles of here. Do you happen to come from New York?"

"Originally," I made answer. "But it was some time ago."

"Funny thing, New York," said my guest. "When I'm back there I think I'd like to be out in the open country, but as soon as I have my wish I'm crazy for the old burg. I've been down to the Penguin now for more than two weeks, and I don't suppose an hour of the day passes when I don't long for the scenery of Broadway. The worst time is at night. I can sit on the club porch and fairly hear the Elevated sizzle by. Sometimes it seems as if I really couldn't stand it any longer."

"Why do you?" I asked.

"There are reasons, good and sufficient reasons," he answered, with a slow smile. "Reasons for which I might be living in Kamchatka as well as anywhere else."

He looked at me intently for a few seconds, then lighted a cigarette.

"You're not inquisitive, are you? First rule to success in any business affair. However, there are certain facts you are entitled to have: my name is Rodney Islip, and I'm a broker, offices at 57 Wall Street, where I'd be glad to execute any orders for you at any time of year—though between you and me the present is a particularly bad time to invest in anything, not even including British consols or government bonds. This recent French smash put lots of people out of business. You've heard of it, I suppose—the most outrageous swindle since Whitaker Wright."

"I read of it in the papers. It seems this man Etienne induced half the poor of Paris to trust their savings to him, and then played one company into the hands of another until the bubble burst— isn't that about it?"

The man in tweeds nodded. He threw back his head and blew a cloud of smoke in an upward spiral. "So little difference," said he, "between absolute triumph and absolute defeat. A jerk of the tucker may convert the greatest benefactor into the deepest villain. For Etienne—though I think that's only a pseudonym of his—is undoubtedly a villain when you think of the numberless lifetime savings he has swept away. Why will people trust a promoter? Haven't they all of history to judge by?"

"History teaches that people are always ready to be fooled," I answered.

"However, I don't blame them. In a man's nerve was only big enough I'd follow him myself."

Islip looked at me with a merry twinkle.

"The solitary life makes you a philosopher," he said. "I envy you. I'm as restless as a hawk."

I smiled. "An uneasy conscience?"

"No; I'm no Etienne. I believe the only place for such men is under lock and key. But I hate to sit still and think—in my present condition."

He did not seem disposed to explain that position, and I would not press him. After a time we adjourned to my balcony and sat there enjoying the day, carrying on a somewhat desultory conversation. I found that I liked this man; there was a frank camaraderie about him, an openness of face and spirit, that irresistibly appealed. He seemed the better sort of young New Yorker, thoroughly optimistic, always at his ease. I could see he had the knack of knowing how to dress; even his loose, baggy evening clothes set well upon him.

"Do you ever shoot at gulls?" he asked, noting the birds that wheeled continually in from sea and over the cliffs.

"No; it's bad luck to shoot them. In stormy weather, when sailors can't see their hands before their faces, they can hear the beating of gulls' wings and look out for hidden rocks. One comes to think a great deal of seafarers down this way."

"I dare say. It must be beastly work in a storm at sea."

"I often think that when I'm in bed on a bad night. The Shoal Light yonder keeps most of the ships away."

We smoked for a time in silence. "What a contrast," Islip said at length, "between this quiet beach and the folks at the club! I think I like this better of the two, but I should want company."

"Many people over there now?" I asked.

"A goodish number."

"Who are they?" I inquired idly.

"Oh, the usual crowd of city magnates with their wives and families. James G. Purviance of Oil, with the Mrs. and two marriageable daughters. The Mrs. has her eyes on Colonel Felloses, the man who judges the hackneys at all the shows. I think he'd rather stay single, but the nets are tightening, and Mrs. Purviance isn't going to let him slip. Then there's the Gregory family. The old man sits at the telephone most of the day, giving orders how to run his railroad, though he thinks he is off on a summer holiday; and the three girls and the boy cut capers on the golf-links, and get up theatricals in the evening. Then there are two very decent unattended bachelors, Philip Leroy and Arthur Savage—well, I suppose I might say three, because I'm a bachelor."

"Yes?" I asked in a tone that asked delicately for more.

"Oh, there's Mr. Divine of Rock Bottom Lead, and—let me see—there's a Miss Elizabeth Corey and her niece, Miss Graham, of New York."

I watched him out of the corner of my eye, but his tanned face was placidly itself.

"What are they like?" I asked.

"Very nice. Miss Corey is quite the grande dame, in a gentle way."

"And the niece?"

Now I detected a shift in Islip's position.

"Well, she's very nice, too, very nice. I knew her quite well in town." He broke off definitely.

I changed the subject. I didn't care very much about the rest of the guests at the club.

A little later Islip took up his fishing-rod and his empty basket, and we walked up the beach together. At the farther end I pointed him out his road home.

"May I drop in on you again if I'm in the neighborhood?" he asked as we said good-by.

"I wish you would. Next time I'll put you on a basket where you'll get all the fish your place will hold. I've a little place of my own."

"Thanks. I know you don't care for the club, or I'd ask you up to dinner. If I get word of a sudden break in the market, I'll let you hear."

It was plain that he couldn't keep his thoughts long from Wall Street. I smiled at the apparent incongruity of his words there on the beach, then I watched him climb the rocks and disappear. It was pleasant to have company, I considered, but for some reason I found the ship, when I climbed on board to try my paints, rather lonely. I was not used to having two visitors in as many days.

### (To be continued.)

### Motorman Goes to Prison.

German public opinion applauds the harsh sentence of twenty-one months' imprisonment and hard labor inflicted on the motorman of the electric subway train responsible for the disaster last September in which nineteen lives were lost, a Berlin correspondent of the New York Times says.

The sentence exemplifies the German theory that criminal negligence requires to be punished to the full extent of the law in all cases as a terrible reminder to all persons whose occupation has to do with the care of human lives.

The motorman in question submitted a defense which would have cleared him in an American court, but he was made a martyr of the immutable Teuton practice of holding somebody responsible for every accident that occurs on railway lines and punishing him in accordance with the damage done.

The result of this system is a maximum of care and precaution, which makes traveling on German railways safer perhaps than on any other great trunk lines in the world. No accident, large or small, is ever permitted to pass without the most rigid investigation, and the cause and culprit are always detected and penalties invariably inflicted. This is the state whether the lines are owned by the state or a private corporation. The motorman, who has just been sentenced, was an employee of a private company.

### The Still, Small Voice.

Sure healing is not in the storm, or in the whirlwind; it is not in monarchies, or aristocracies, or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity.—Lowell.

### Startling Reversal of Form.

Nao—I never saw Kit as plump as she is nowadays.

Fan—Plump? Huh! She used to have a dimple in her chin. It's a mole now!—Chicago Tribune.

### Intuition.

"The worst has happened, John!" panted Mrs. Jilpes, sinking feebly into a chair. "Well, we'll have to advertise for another one; that's all," moodily answered Mr. Jilpes.

For he knew, without being told, that the cook had left.

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